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VOLUME 13 NUMBER 5

KNAVE

EROTICA AWARD WINNER, ANNETTE HAVEN speaks up!

FLASHERS STREAKERS AND PEEKERS show it all off!

SEX GUIDE FOR SLEEPY HEADS:

some fleshy hints for forty-winkers

AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION:

another stunning contestant

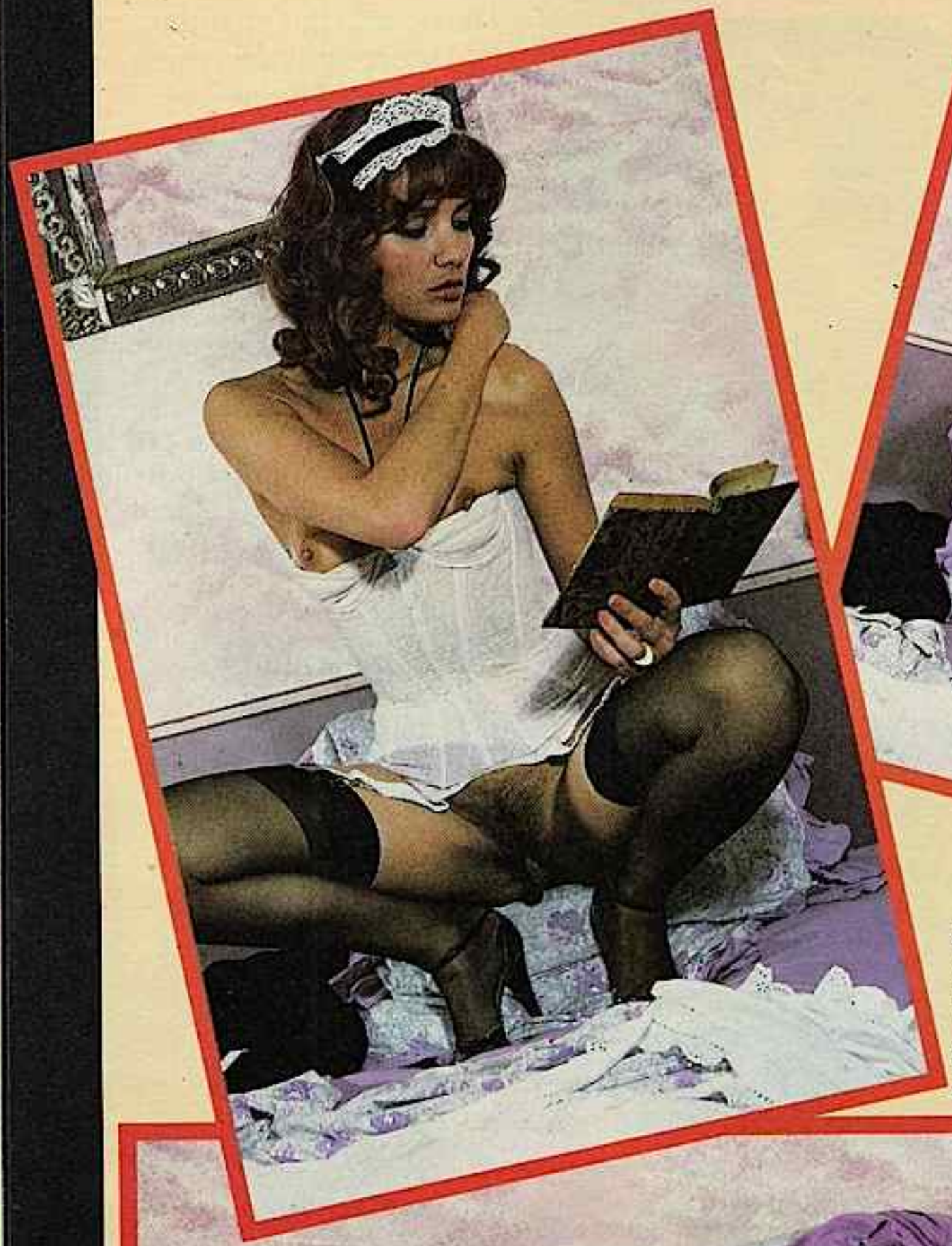
CHAMBERMAID

Agatha (a dear girl, full of wit and quite delightfully immoral) was once again responding punctually to a summons by the young master for afternoon refreshment. An indescribable expression of lust adroitly tempered by coquetry and intrigue passed over her humid, sensual features which made her most desirable and more than justified the very ardent fantasies she inspired in every male member of the household, up or down stairs.

Photographed by Serge Jacques

However, her amorous persuasions being of a somewhat persistent variety, she paused (in dereliction of her duties) to avail herself of a spacious bedroom which had, by a queer stroke of fortune, fallen vacant.

The door to this chamber had scarcely closed when her fingers became immensely busy with the process of disrobing sufficiently to permit their access to the interior of her sex, from which emerged a really divine fragrance. She began to caress herself in that most private place, while still wearing a pair of ventilated undergarments apparently designed for the purpose. The soft, velvet flesh of her loins *parted*, and a sublime elixir seeped from between those



aggravated lips, accompanied by faint, indecipherable murmurs. Yet no sooner had her fingers concluded their carnal beanfeast, than the young master, impatient for tinctures, entered the chamber and the maid simultaneously.

AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION

Photographed by Ace McKinnon

You'll have to move fast to catch up with Diana Dresczko from Wembley. She's a refugee, you see, from "somewhere in Eastern Europe", and changes of address are frequent. Exhibiting her shaven pussy and tummy-tattoo help pay the removal bills. But why that star round her navel? "To kill evil spirits", she says. A strange case.

Does modelling for Knave magazine appeal to you? Did you like the idea but lack the information? Well, stop wondering, because we're re-opening the Amateur Model Competition, due to popular demand in this area. Now don't allow the word "amateur" or "beginner" disturb you in the least. Everybody has to start somewhere. We're certain that amongst all you Knave readers there exists plenty of girls with natural talent.

MODESTY

It's understandable if you're a little shy of going straight ahead. Some of you may feel that you're not glamorous enough. Apart from the fact that this is probably not true in the first place, in the second place we have a make-up artist and stylist present on set to ensure that you look very enticing before a picture has been taken.

THE PRIZES

All we require is that you send us three pictures of yourself, and then it's all up to us. If we like what we see (and it's likely), we'll invite you for an expense-paid photographic test session. Then, if you're successful, you'll probably spend a whole day modelling for this photo feature, receive £150 (in addition to your expenses). The person who took your picture will receive £25 for their initiative.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS

Fill in your details on the coupon and return it to us accompanied by a minimum of three pictures of yourself, one of which should feature you in the nude. (Ideally, we'd prefer 35mm or 2¼" colour transparencies, but can accept colour or black-and-white prints). We will return all photographs if they arrive complete with stamped addressed envelope.

AMATEUR MODEL COMPETITION ENTRY FORM & MODEL RELEASE

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MODEL'S NAME (Block letters please)

ADDRESS

MODEL'S SIGNATURE

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME (Block letters please)

ADDRESS

PHOTOGRAPHER'S SIGNATURE

DATE (Please insert day, month, year)

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DOROTHEA

The winsome statistical hullabaloo caused by Ms Dorothea deciding *to hell with it* she'd open her legs without benefit of pink pantie protection, is plain to see. Arguments for and against pussy-with-a-view snapsnots rages on and on. Some (very red of face) claim that a woman should only permit glimpses of her soft vertical wound when firmly in possession of a fourth-finger ring plus certificate. Others are hard put to find one interesting syllable in the claim. Dorothea is not fazed by this hot debate.

Photographed by R.B. Kane

An invitation to her boudoir was arranged one rainy afternoon when the company received quite a handful of unambiguous pictures of this lady reclining in postures reminiscent of the Fall of the Roman Empire. One of these, in particular, resembled 'a tunnel shot'. Naturally, they generated some excitement (and employees were not merely biting their nails either).

Dorothea arrived with a suitcase from which snatches of colourful negligees could be seen. Apparently indifferent to the pulse-racing effect on male psyches, she engineered a slow peel-off, only pausing once to comment upon the rather attractive spongy qualities of the double bed. She left soon after this with only a couple of heady perfume pockets to remember her by. That is, until these photos were developed. Really, I'd attempt a wolf whistle if my lips weren't badly chapped.

DOROTHEA

KNAVE

MAGAZINE

LAUREN

This is how it began. She phones me up late in the day. Very late. It's been a bad one too. The coffee machine is kaput, so's the toilet, lunch (a cheap and nasty brand of mixed veg, probably tinned) is still repeating on me and my secretary is scowling a great deal. The vocal chords are particularly shy. I don't really want to talk to anyone.

Photographed by Ed Alexander

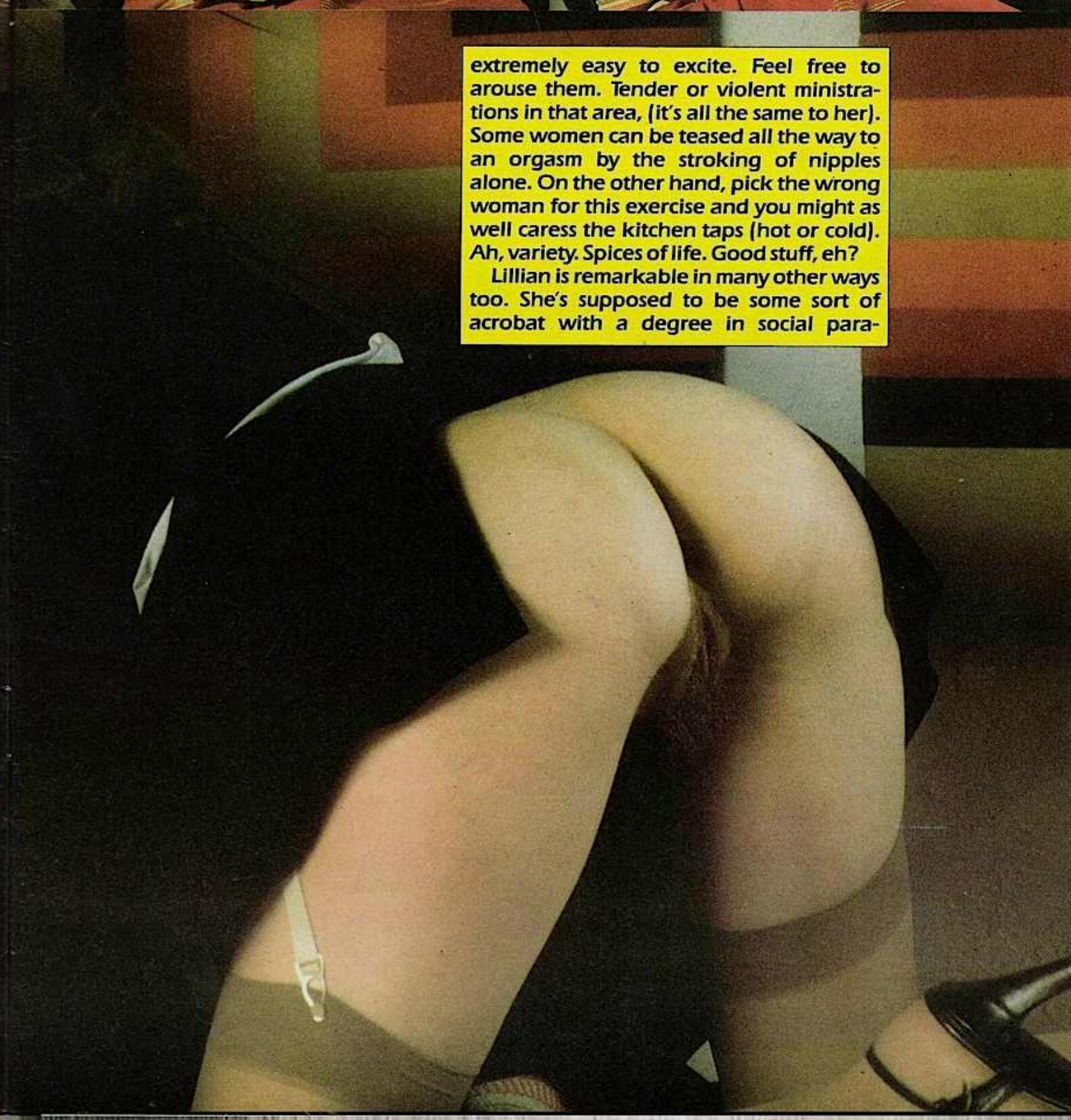
"I want to be a model," says this fairly shrill voice. "Fine," I say, putting on a raincoat. "Yes, but I've never taken my clothes off before." "Is that right?" I say, trying to imagine a body that's never seen the light of day.

"You've got a nice voice," she goes on, "and I bet you like inspecting all the models yourself." Well now, she's hit a main nerve alright. I've often imagined rolling up to someone's flat in a professional capacity, pretending to reel off statistics while the rentpayer shows me her birthday suit and toys with my lack of ethics. But naturally I curb all these hell-fire thoughts just to bring her to you, intact and very curious.

LILLIAN

Red grapes, ruby jewels, cherries, rose buds, rasberries, pink tips, bright buttons —hard, soft, extended, rigid, pliable, full of milk, blooming, bitten, nibbled, chewed or covered in cream. So many words to describe Lillian's nipples once her bra clips have been disconnected. They are (according to those in a position to say so)

Photographed by R. B. Kane



extremely easy to excite. Feel free to arouse them. Tender or violent ministrations in that area, (it's all the same to her). Some women can be teased all the way to an orgasm by the stroking of nipples alone. On the other hand, pick the wrong woman for this exercise and you might as well caress the kitchen taps (hot or cold). Ah, variety. Spices of life. Good stuff, eh?

Lillian is remarkable in many other ways too. She's supposed to be some sort of acrobat with a degree in social para-

psychology, but then maybe she would settle for the lazy existence of a mermaid. One way or another, though, she tossed off all the dark underwear on schedule, mesmerising the crew with close-ups of her bulging pudenda. Just imagine those hot, snowy rose petals gyrating furiously to a Bee Gees rhythm, squeezing out of a tight pair of panties and polluting the air with a heady mixture of perfume and desperation. Mr. Kane (behind the lens) snapped off her anatomical highspots.

You'll notice, perhaps, the presence of a vivid red carnation on her lapel. A strange tale concerning this reached me at these offices. It appears that after five consecutive hours of tit-and-crotch display in her own trendy sitting-room, she plucked this symbol of wedlock from its decorative position and thrust it deep within her own flowerbed. It's difficult to say (from this distance) which petals were more amazed.

STACEY

Stacey has been reading her erotic literature very closely. So naturally, I took advantage of this to discover her preferences. "You like a lot of cock then?" I said. (I don't piss around when there's a bit of porn in the offing). "Oh yes," said she, "but to please me, it must have *dimensions*." "Please elaborate, if you will," I went on. "Well, to ensure that I cry out loud, it must be at least six fingers or a hand and a half breadth."

Photographed by Stephen Hicks

PHOT